RHE WAS A VERY NICE BUT A VERY FRESH TYPEWRITER GIRL.

The Was So Interested In the Reporter's Story That She Wanted to Stop Quite Often and Talk About It-Had to Fix Her Hair and Get Her Chewing Gum.

For a reporter with but little to write and plenty of time in which to write it there is nothing more pleasant than to dictate a narrative to a cheerful typewriter, particularly if she be young and have nice soft hair to distract the eye and well formed, white fingers and be, expeedingly pleasing. But for a reporter with a long yarn to write and a limited amount of time to finish it things sometimes have a different aspect.

Near the newspaper office is a typewriting office which many men frequent. A new girl came there one day last week—a real nice girl and an excellent operatorbut she had never done that kind of work before. While she was sitting in the main room upon the afternoon of her first day a newspaper man came bustling in, and-Mrs. J., have you got anybody to take

a two column story in a hurry? Yes," replied the manager. "Here is a roung lady who has just come to us. Miss Brown, Mr. Smith. You can go into

that corner room." In three minutes the young lady was scated at her machine, the newspaper man was serting out his notes, and the door was closed, so as to leave them undis-

"Now, if you will, please begin," the newspaper man said. "In these days of stern reality and suffering and struggle for existence a romantic episode co upon one with the refreshing delight with which a traveler in a desert beholds an

Clickety, clickety, click went the keys, "Isn't that lovely? Is it going to be a

The newspaper man looked up in amazement, but it was utterly impossible to be angry with such blue eyes regarding him in admiration.

"No," he said. "Please go on. In the monotonous routine of police court cases, however, there was one yesterday behind which lay a story so remartie and so picturesque that it would almost seem to have been created by a great novelist who had striven to exceed all his past efforts."

When this had been recorded, and while the newspaper man was wondering what would say next, the young lady, smiling most radiantly, prattled on in this

"That's just splendid. It sounds like a Did you ever read \*Clarissa; The Forlarn Hope? It begins some thing like that, only it isn't so interesting. Do you know I never took dictation like that before? The last place I worked in I had nothing to do but copy letters. Oh, flear, wasn't it tiresome, though!"

The newspaper man felt his collar get ting too small, but after swallowing some thing that seemed to stick in his throat he said as gently as possible: Won't you please go on? I'm in some

what of a hurry. What have you got

"Where?" in great surprise "I mean please read over what I have

Oh, how stupid I am! 'In these days of stern realty'-how do you prone that word, in two syllables or three? Thank you-stern reality and suffer-

And she read what she had written. Then just as the newspaper man had set-tled back in his chair, determined to dictate to the end without giving her another opportunity to interrupt him, she said:
"Excuse me. I think my hair is coming

She went to a little mirror in a corne of the room, examined her hair carefully, and then after touching up the puffs of her sleeves and smoothing her waist she sighed and returned to her seat.

There, now, I'm all rendy." For the next few minutes she had to work so hard that she hadn't time to say a single word. But soon the page was filled, and she had to insert a new sheet, and that was her opportunity.

"Gracious! How fast you dictate! It almost takes my breath away. But do you know, I like it. I think it's good practice. Were you there when all that happened? My! I wish I could be a re-

The newspaper man went on with his He was fast growing hopping dictation. mad, but he hadn't the heart to say a harsh word to the girl. She was really very pretty, and as she became interested in the story a delicate flush mantled her cheeks, and it was a positive pleasure to watch her. But a newspaper man has no time for pleasure during business hours, and these charms did not interest him as much as they might have done under other circumstances. But he struggled brave

Oh!" she suddenly exclaimed, stop ping in the middle of a sentence. "Did that really happen

Will you please go on?" Well, the ident I wouldn't have be-Do you know, I don't believe half what I read in the papers, but of course if you say so it must be true." 'I'm very sorry I can't chat with you.

Miss Brown, but really I'm in a great Oh, I beg your pardon. I forgot all

about that. For nearly ten minutes there was not a break in the dictation save where a sheet became full and a fresh one had to be in serted. The typewriter kept her lips firmly pressed together, as if she were exerting all her strength to keep silent. It was clear to see that it could not last much In the middle of a paragraph she suddenly stopped and with a brief "Ex a few seconds she returned with her inws moving convulsively and a piece of chewing gum in ber hand

Won't you have some?" she asked no-

N-n-no-and-I'll tell you what-er-I guess I wen't have time to finish this story today. I'll come back some other "Oh, von're not going are you? I'm

awful sorry. I was just getting interested in the story." "Very sorry-er-how much? Here. All right? Good day."

the desk the newspaper man went away on a side street and was running it herand finished the story with a pen. - Chica- self.

A Narrow Escape.

Jess-I don't think this gown matches my complexion very well, do you? Jack--Which one?

The battered hat pulled down over his eyes hardly shaded his rough face, most of which was covered with a coarse, bristling beard. As he shambled on through the heat and dust his eyes were fixed on the ground, but now and then he raised his head slightly and took a rapid glance over the fields and up to the distant hills

Presently he reached a slight bend in the road, and, rounding this, approached small frame house signated on his tieb!

seemed to waft a refreshing coolness to the travel stained wayfarer.

As he neared the place his steps slacken ed; finally he stopped, and, leaning his arms on the low picket fence, looked long and earnestly at the house. No one was visible, and the stillness, pierced only by the shrill, metallic music of the locusts down in the fields, seemed to oppress him. He moved a little uneasily, then went down to the gate, entered the yard, care down to the gate, entered the yard, care of fascinating interest is a study of the fully closing the gate after him, and after ethnological evolution of the Pueblo Instanding irresolutely a few moments walk

ed across the lawn. lar disposition, but the severe plainness of selves with their primitive weapons. her appearance was relieved by her eyes. For two years they were able to with-Soft gray they were, with kind little wrin-stand the Spanish invaders in their "casses

tramp, she leaned against the doorpost, surveying with a slight smile of pity, shad-

reckon somethin to eat an drink'd about | consisted of pure silver sand. suit ye, ch? Jest you set down on the step there, an I'll see what I can do fer ye. I was great. A number of large Indian vilnever could scare up much affection fer a lages were found whose inhabitants sub-tramp somehow, but I try to follow the Scriptural advice 'bout the cup o' cold Scriptural advice 'bout the cup o' cold culture. The frugality and thrift of the water, an mebbe that was meant t' include | Pueblos excited the interest of the voluppic, of any was handy."

the tramp, she turned into the kitchen their admiration. Taken as a whole, the and presently came back with a bowl of circles of houses resembled the cells of a

telling him to "set down an pitch in." The wanderer, though evidently not suffering from hunger, ate and drank with the streets containing doors. apparent but not unrestrained enjoyment. The woman sat down on the step above him and watched him eat with an amused, rock, the Spaniards despaired of conquernear-sighted expression.

"Another thing makes me kinder feel fer you tramps is my boy bein gone. Nigh onto eight years now since I kissed Pueblos in peace. Only toward the end of him goodby down by the gate yonder, an he started off so brave an hopefullike. | submit to Spanish rule, under which they Lord, how proud I was of him, goin away | remained until 1848, when the territory to make a fortune fer his mother, but I embracing New Mexico and Arizona was thought my heart would burst as I seen | ceded to the United States. him disappear round the bend in the road up there, a-wavin his hand to me, standin lookin over the gate!"

"Where did he go?" asked the tramp, who was crouching on the step with bent head. The woman's eyes were fixed on not notice him.

make a pile o' money out there, an I but not least, the indispensable burros, thought so, too, 'cause Tom was a right were added to their domestic stock. "Out west. Got it into his head he c'd smart lad an steady as a rock. An his letters was hopeful, too, but I haven't communistic mode of living dates from

brightened again. "Sometimes, settin out there in front o' the house after tea, I doze off, kinder dreamin, an then I think I can see Tom comin up to the gate, back to his old mother, him a grown-man. An when I wake up I always feel cold, an I have a little ery o myself, an then I'm all right again, fer

est an good as I am I'm settin here. You're down in the world; but, not know. good results. in the facts, I ain't sayin but what it mightn't 'a' been all your fault. But ef you'd known my boy as I do you'd never believe he c'd go wrong. It's all I have now-my faith in my religion an my my boy-an if anything shook either I'd rather not live.' For several Lanutes they sat silent,

struggling with the thoughts that came upon them. Slowly the wangerer rose

Thank you for the meal, missus. I'm And he turned and walked slowly toward the gate, the little terrier,

unnoticed, barking at his beels. Passing through the gate, he latched it carefully, and without turning his head started up the road at his old slouching gait, his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his trousers, his head bent forward, his shuffling feet kicking up clouds of dust. which settled behind him as he passed, as though to obliterate his footstens. woman, who had come to the gate.

stood there and gazed after him, her hand shading her eyes.

The tramp made no sign until he reached the bend in the read. There he stopped, half turned and looked back for a me then disappeared round the bend. Had it have seen him wave his hand. - New York

### Making Artificial Clouds.

Artificial clouds were recently made for the protection of vines from frost at Oaeleain, on the Swedish-Norwegian frontier In carrying out this novel innovation liquid tar was ignited in tin boxes placed along the vine rows, and large sections of olidified petroleum were fired at various places in the vineyard. From these comsustibles large clouds of smoke arose and thoroughly protected the particular vineyard in which the experiment was being tested, although vines in the immediate neighborhood were badly injured by the frost. One of the European metropolitan weeklies in commenting on the utility of the method spoke very unfavorable of it, declaring that it could only prove effective in very calm weather. If the journal will brush up a little on meteor clogy he will learn that calm weather is about the only time in which killing frosts occur. -St Louis Republic.

She had married a young naval offieer and was so pleased over it that she And seizing the few sheets that lay on had gone with him into a little house

> "Have you any beans?" she inquired of the grocer's clerk during the first week of her incumbency. 'Do you wish navy beans?" he asked

politely. "Oh, certainly," sne twittered. "How Jack--Which gown, I mean -- Boston clever of you to guess we weren't army

people!" And the clerk almost choked on the THE TRAMP'S HALT. ball of twine he stuck in his mouth to control his emotions.-Detroit Free

> When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she pave them Castoria.

PEOPLE WHOSE CIVILIZATION BE-GAN LONG AGO.

An Interesting Tribe of Indians Who Have Withstood All Sorts of Opposition and Temptation and Have Gone on Steadily

dians, who occupy the picturesque region between the upper Rio Grande and the Rio As he rounded the corner of the house a Colorado. When Vasquez de Coronado little terrier rushed at him, yelping shrill and Cabeza de Vaca marched into New deflance and calling to the door of the Mexico in 1540, they found these people alkitchen a tall woman of perhaps 50 years | ready in semiculture, living in villages of of age. Her iron gray hair, brushed solid edifices, three stories high and fort-straight back from her forehead, was like in construction. That they were able caught in a knot at the crown of her head and held in place by a steel comb. At the turies is the more surprising, since they first glance she might have been called an had constantly as neighbors nomadic tribes 'angular" woman, which expression usu of warriors and robbers, against whose ally conveys the impression of an angu- attacks they were obliged to defend them-

kles around them, and they looked now at grandes." It had been reported to the the strange figure before her through spec. Spanish commanders that several hundred tacles, with a twinkle of quizzical sym-named Cibola, which had seven large Quieting with a sharp word the zealous cities. In these there were long streets on dog, which was still yelping around the which only gold and silver smiths resided. Imposing palaces towered in the suburbs, drying her hands on a coarse towel and with doors and columns of pure turquoise. The windows were made of precious stones, ed with contempt, the ragged specimen of humanity who stood there awkwardly, the feasts of the prince of the land enchanting battered remnant of a hat grasped in one slaves served the most delicate dainties on hand, and gozing at her with a look which might have indicated sullenness or respect. Well, what d'ye want, my man? I els, with crystal streams whose bottom

tuous Spaniards. The peculiar architec Not noticing the gesture of dissent from ture of the villages and houses also drew milk and an immense piece of dried apple wasps' nest, of which the upper stories pic, which she placed before her guest, were reached on a crude ladder. Entrance were reached on a crude ladder. Entrance could be gained only through a small opening in the roof, not even the sides facing

Situated, as the Moqui villages and ing them. The supposed Cibola not pan-ning out according to expectation, they did not seek re-enforcement and left the the sixteenth century the Pueblos had to

In some respects the Spanish supremacy proved beneficial to the Indians. They cirtually maintained their independence. Many innovations in their life and customs can be traced from this period. only domestic creatures in their villages the blue hills in the distance, and she did were large turkeys, whose feathers served as head ornaments for the warriors, but horses, cows, sheep, goats, dogs, and, last,

The most important change in their heerd from him now these six years. His father's dead, too—died three year ago from a horse kick, so I'm alone."

Low residualistic mode of fiving dates from the annexation of New Mexico to the United States and the introduction of rail-roads. Their unfriendly neighbors, the Her voice grew tremulous, but she Apaches, Comanches, Kiewas and Navajoes, were restricted to their own reservations

Feeling safe under the powerful protection of the government, these peaceable people have begun to relinquish their old mode of communistic existence in strange dwellings. Until recently there was a promiscuous living together of large families in the numerous apartments of a gone wrong," said the tramp without rais obtained through the small aperture in the roof. More modern cottages are being "My Tem go wrong? Why, man, ef my built for large families, farming is carried on on a large scale, and in some parts an good as I am I'm settin here.

All the villages are characterized by a certain industrial monopoly. In one of them, for instance, the pottery for all the Pueblos is manufactured. In others, like the Moqui villages, all the people are employed in the making of finely woven goats' hair blankets, in which occupation many are great experts. Although a large number are engaged in the sale of blankets and Indian goods in the southwestern part of the Union, in the gold diggings of California, in Mormon settlements, in the small railroad stations of Arizona, the average Pueblo Indian prefers a settled life. He is domestic in his habits and loves his family, his cattle, his farm and his neighbors as dearly as does his palefaced brother. And has be not good cause to re joice and be contented with his lot? not a faithful and charming wife? There are some pretty girls of perfect confour among the Pueblo Indians, in the Tigua villages. Are not his gleeful children, who are enjoying a jolly romp on varder sand hill, obedient and reverential in his presence? The impudent spirit of young America has not yet exerted its baleful influence here.

How scrupulously clean are the households! The good housewives of the Netherlands do not excel the Pueblo squaws in cleanliness. Floors carefully swept, all along the walls of the spacious rooms seats and couches covered with fine variegated rugs, the walls tastefully decorated with ctures and mirrors and large cupboards filled with luxurious fruits, meats, pastry and jellies. Thousands of white breadwinners in the large cities would envy se Indians if they could behold their affluence and contented state. Nor do they obtain all this without fatiguing toil. The land is barren and dry, which compels them to induce irrigation through

ong canals from faraway streams.

The Pueblo pottery of today differs but little from that of the sixteenth century. In the pottery villages the work is done estly by men, who sit on the broad, shaded platform and shape their immense vestels in imitation of human beings and evtry imaginable animal shape. The grosquely shaped mouth is generally tended for the opening through which the water, soup or milk is poured. The squaws are assuming more and more the occupations of the modern housewife, though they still grind their corn in the stone troughs used hundreds of years ago, and they still bake their bread in thin layers on hot, glowing stones.

Dressmakers and tallors still go a-begging among the Pueblos, and no attention hatever is paid to Parisian dictators of fashion. The good Pueblo squaw cuts. fits and sews all the clothing for ily, which used to be composed mostly of eather. Her husband's wardrobe consists now of a few multicolored shirts, a pair or two of leather pantaloons, with silver buttons: moccasins and a shoulder blan-

### A RECKLESS FEAT.

Forage was getting scarce in the Union camp. There was cavalry, besides a conciderable force of artillery, and horses had to be fed; likewise mules. Something was the matter with something somewhere, and forage did not come in, which was a matter of serious concern.

Troop Sergeant Anderson of the --th cavalry took account of this state of things as regarded his own troop, and one after as regarded his own troop, and one after ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y. Stellas or silver mines, Dan has a non-be-sled a party which was, to segtter | ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

SHE WAS SO GREEN hand, a short distance back from the road. A small, well kept lawn surrounded the house and was shaded by large trees, which

needed provender.

They had ridden about a mile when Anderson in his rather independent way jin-gled off on a little trail of his own, telling the men of his squad that he would rejoin them at the crossronds farther on. He had an idea that he could do a little reconnoitering to advantage and perhaps meet with an adventure, a thing that was bread and meat to his soul. So he liesen-ed the heavy revolver in his holster and swung off into a bridle path, making a detour to avoid a bit of wood which had been heavily shelled by a Confederace battery the week before, and galloped leisurecross an open where he was fully exposed to the fire from the trenches of the enemy, who, however, seemed indisposed to take notice of him. From the open he turned into a narrow dirt road leading off somewhere into the Confederate lines. He expected to fall in with a rebel picket here, but as it chanced he fell in with something more. He had liden perhaps 100 yards along this read when on rounding at a slow canter a clump of scrub es he found himself in the act of riding right through a group of half a dozen mounted men, who were walking their the Revere House. From that corner down horses in exactly the opposite direction that he was going. There was a stare of surprise and a pulling up of horses.

chin, a thoroughly controlled temper, a cool mind in the presence of danger and a quick hand. He was slightly startled at the renconter, but he did not less his head. was behind a fast team, and they for As he pulled in his horse he had his re-volver out and leveled at the central fig. When the Metropolitan ure of the group, who, by his trappings, even a person of higher rank, who was cut with his staff for an afternoon canter.

the general, for such in truth he was.

ing highwayman with the red hair, regarding his target with a steady eye.

The general made a mistake-he stopped to parley. Perhaps it was quite natural, while being stared out of countenance by the ugly muzzle of a huge revolver, that he should do so, but we rehe had ordered a rush-but he didn't.

you are ours?" he inquired briskly, quite beauties.

"Not while I've got the drop on you," said Anderson, with a grin. me afterward, but that's the fortune of battle. You won't kill me first."

the cool way in which he did this thing. sort of our small musical population. But it found voice at last.

zled warrior who rede in front. "Get out of the way there. General, if you say

man who had him sighted and saw "shoot" there as plainly as if he read it in hig letters on an open page. He was very wroth, but he feared death in this fashion, and he knew also that he was of

The solonel was mute, and Anderson's horse grew restive.

ously into the general's measured diction, prima ballerina assoluta. I am a telerably impatient man, and and infinite trouble if you will pass in Amazona.

urally mistaking you for the enemy. sergeant again. Anderson was rather rag-ged and not very clean, but he looked ter-inal American dramas of its cra. ribly determined, and the general realized

or die here. I'll take my chances." salary.

After the "Black Crook" were itself out

cers captured by a tattered ruffian of a Charles Fechter made his American debut troop sergeant! He sighed deeply. It was there, playing Hamlet in a blend wig and

first sign, and I don't miss. Colonel, I'm through the sewers, on to your little game there. You'll ride damned on the first night. ahead with your hands up."

sulkily into the Union lines at the edge of rock. It moves slowly north with all its nightfall, and it created quite a wave of gayety, its groups, its centers. Everything excitement among the idle troops. An historic meits and vanishes. Every old derson delivered his capture over to his stager has marked the shifting of the cencommanding officer with the briefest ex- ters. Thirty years ago the focus of Vanity planation and then rode whistling to his Fair was there between Houston and quarters a very hungry man.

It was a wild, reckless feat, but is country, she got no higher than Houston brought a lieutenant's commission, which street. And when the war was over the or not or has ever been noticed outside of and the Metropolitan. the official report I don't know. The incident was related to me by the brother of with the life that has gone up to Thirtythe man who was the hero of it and who minth street. First the crowd jumped to was too self restrained to allude to it when I sat a guest at his table two or three Avenue hotel, then to the Hoffman House, summers ago. —Hitse and Gray.

Taking Practical Effect. Salesman-Mr. Haggamore, I've joined New York World. the church

Grocer-I am glad to hear it, James. I that pure Vermont maple slrup after be an individual who takes upon Sits - Chicago Tribune.

Two Loves.

But, Emma, how can you prefer the plain and shabbily dressed Julius to my elegant and handsome brother?" love with himself, and Julius with | St. Louis Post Dispatch. me "-Paris Journal

Hell Gate was called by the Indians Monahtonuk ("Place of Bad Water")

# VIGOR OF MEN

Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later croesses, the results of later croesses, the results of openent and tone given to every oran and tortion of the body. Sunghe, later and methods. Insanellating improvement seen.

Enforce impossible, 2.00 references. Bock, explanation and proofs mailed (scaled) free.

A FAMOUS OLD HOTEL AND THEATER SUCCUMB TO IT.

ories of the Glorious Career of the Old Metropolitan and Niblo's Garden. Reminiscences That Will Interest Others Besides New Yorkers.

Thirty years ago the Metropolitan hotel was the focus of the town. The gilded youth went there for late suppers. The most noted politicians of the Tweed ring poured out champagne there. Its birds were always well cooked, its steaks were marrowed to a turn, its oysters had the pall, and its whisky was famous.

It was the plaza for the actors until long after the war. They stood in clusters all round its steps and held council in its vestibule, for all the noted chophouses were in the neighborhood. Round the corner, in Houston street,

were the House of Lords and Clifton's, and up on the other end of the block was you could meet on a pleasant day all the famous actors in town-E. L. Davenpert, Tom Placide, Burton, Dion Boucicault, Now, Anderson had red lmir, a resolute James W. Wallack, Charles Fisher, John Brougham, Rufus Blake and a double score of others. If any of them got up as was behind a fast team, and they found When the Metropolitan was opened in

1852, it was the town talk. It was inauhe took for a brigadier general, perhaps gurated with a stupendous banquet. Stenhen A. Douglas and Tom Benton and Sam Houston were there. Voluminous "Hands up!" called Anderson in the descriptions of the hotel appeared in the peremptory manner of a western road newspapers of that date. People steed in and looked up at it from the other "Who the mischief are you?" demanded side of the street. It was thought by congeneral, for such in truth he was.

My name's Anderson, sergeant in the -th United States cavalry, and you're tan became at once one of the most popumy prisoner," replied the turbulent look-lar hotels in the city. And its complement lar hotels in the city. And its complement of 1,000 guests did not fall off while the Lelands had charge of it.

Before and during the war it was customary for the reporters to go to the Metropolitan every night to get the news. It was jammed with people on the night of the cable celebration and on the day that cord simply that he made a mixtake. If Sumter was fired on. There was, in fact, no such center above it on Broadway, and Your prisoner! Why, that's very ab- its walls must have rung with the voices surd, my good fellow. Don't you think of many great captains and celebrated

There are people in New York who can remember when Niblo had a garden there. "If one of There are many more who can remember you makes a move to draw a gun, I'll the first theater which went by the name shoot. You can suit yourselves. I'll shoot of the garden, and how the American inat the first move. Of course you can kill stitute was wont to hold its fairs there, and the original Christy minstrels, before they got into Mechanics' hall, The staff had remained dumb with caught the small town there, and how for amazement at Anderson's audacity and several seasons the concert hall was the re-

Then later the theater spread out into a You've got a lot of nerve," said a griz- great auditorium, and Mr. A. T. Stewart bought the property and had a private box connected with a parior, and finally came The general looked in the eye of the ment, and then bloomed upon the world "Black Crook" and the "White Fawn," spectacles whose like had never been seen, and which rolled up fortunes for everybedy connected with them.

But at this time one theater was in the value to his country. He waxed sarcastic. full swing of popular success. The enor"Colonel, has he got his infernal pistol mous success of the "Black Crook" had
pointed at your head or at mine? Withsecured all the commercial visitors in out unreasonable curiosity I wish to be town. It was denounced by the pulpit, informed just what you would do if you but never waned in attractiveness for sat in my saddle? I present the case plain- years. Agents were kept in Europe to snap up every specialty they could find, and such was the pliability and capacity of the performance that it swallowed up "Gentlemen," he said, falling humor. everything, from a performing goat to a

Bonfanti was then in her prime and be-I'm obliged to protest against a council came the rage of the town. Pauline Mark-of war in the field. You will save time ham was in full girth of glory and led the

If some one will lay hold of the still virfront of me in your present formation and ride over there." He pointed with his free the bear of the venerable for an hour on and in the direction of the Union lines. Tooker, he will reminisce for an hour on Take that road to the left, and we will the palmy days of Nihlo's. All the historic thus avoid your men in the pits, who Thespians of the pave will tell of the days might be tempted to open fire on us, nat- of William Wheatley and the production of the "Duke's Motto," a play which made 'Well, you have got a nerve," said the the most extraordinary kind of a hit, and general, meeting the level glance of the how after that Forrest came with the

When Jarrett and Palmer took hold of that he was the prisoner of that unkempt Nihlo's Garden, a change came over the looking individual who sat like a centaur house. Then opened the era of Terpstehore, on a roan colt as clearly as if he were in and for years the place was given over to a voluptuous orgie of bacchantes and spec the center of a square of infantry.

"You'll be quick if y u please," said tacle. There were long rows of the hand-Anderson, knitting his brows. "I don't somest women in the world in the corriwant to kill you, general, but you'll have dors on Tuesday mornings to draw their

The general smothered a groun of wrath there were spasmodic efforts to call back and ordered his escort forward. Six offi- the old dramatic prestige of the house. very grievous to be borne. failing to please the public. It was there
"I'll follow you close," said Anderson that Boucleault brought his "Formosa" cheerily as the fell into a slow trot. "No from London after declaring that he was tricks, gentlemen. Mind, I'll shoot at the going to open "a new path for the drama and the play was

The Metropolitan has succumbed to the It was a queer procession that jogged inevitable. Broadway is a glacier, not a Prince streets. When Rachel came to this troop sergeant modestly declined. It setting place of all the lions, the swells, Whether it has ever come to the public eye the flaneurs, was between the St. Nicholas

Those blocks thundered and palpitated Union square, then it went to the Fifth then to the Coleman, then to the Grand, then to-well, you will have to take a cable car to find it now .- Nym Criskle in ling to do about 115

### The Vender of Paternity.

For a curious profession and one which ope you will stick.

For a curious profession and one which
Salesman—Yes, sir, and—and you'll is little known commend us to the Parthave to let some of the other clerks will sinn vender of paternity. He appears to the risk of severe punishment if detected in the carrying out of his business, which is to stand in a place of a father to young men who wish to marry and cannot get the sanction of their parents. The vender of paternity here steps in and goes through That is quite simple. Your brother is all the formalities at the mayor's office. -

Decolette.

"I'll bet," remarked Mr. Jason to his wife as they sat in the family circle at the play. "I'll het from the looks of it that the dress that there woman in the box is wearin is one of them elegant dresses one-half off' we seed advertised yisterday in the papers "-Indianapolis Journal.

### FIFTEEN.

Dan Smith, who lives alone in a log hus up in the San Jucinto mountains at the year round, is the most genuine hunt er and trapper in southern California. While other old time hunters have been all urged from the forest, the rocky fast nesses of the mountains, or from lives of solliude and hardship, by the temptations of civilization or a thirst for riches in gold fields or silver mines, Dan has over 40

est wild beasts and most dangerous reptiles we have in America would be an au thority among naturalists. He has hunted all over Colorado, Nevada, Arizona and about half of California. He is diffident about telling of his adventures, but when warmed up he can entertain a listener for hours. He recently related a fight to the death that he saw years ago between a panther and a drove of wild hogs in the vicinity of what is now Caliente, in Kern

county. Dan's language is followed as near as possible in the story teiling: "About 20 years ago, near's I ken rekellect, I was huntin on top of Blue mountain, in Kern county. I had killed a hig buck and had just finished skinnin him when I heard the squealin of a drove of wild hogs. You ken bet I hung that buck in a tree just as quick as I could, for them critters is the pryenest things and the obituary than many men. Affection, fidel-meanest ye over saw. Why, if they get try, constancy, patience, humility in demad, they'll tackle anything. Well, I had just got my deer safe when I heard them nin, a-squealin and a-gruntin.

"I had to hunt a safe place myself, for there was no use of shootin one when there's maybe 40. If I killed one, I'd had to kill 'em all. They'd never leave long as one of them was alive. I throwed the gun strap over my shoulders and took to a good sized tree about 20 yards from where I hung the deer.

Them hogs put in an appearance just as I got on a big limb, about 15 feet above He would really make up with any one, the ground. They was led by two big bears, and there wuz 29 of 'em, all told. They smelled the blood and the deer, rooted up the leaves and ground with their long noses and tore around generally until they found the tree where the deer was hung. Just about this time I heard something jumpin from tree to tree on the lower side of the rise, and purty soon I saw the biggest painter I ever saw jump on to a limb uv a tree about seven or eight yards from the limb the deer hung on.

Them hogs hadn't yet winded the painter, and they kept up sich a racket squealin and gruntin that they hadn't heard him. The painter didn't see the hogs until he struck the last tree, when he wuz almost over them. He jost laid himself full length on the limb and watched them, all the time wavin his tall back and forth and showin his teeth. knowed he had to get that meat while it was in the tree or hev the fight of his life for it if it got to the ground. After a bit the painter seemed to make up his mind, for he got his feet under him and squatted. I tell ye, stranger, that wuz a purty jump. painter jest sailed through the air and landed plump on the limb over the

When the painter struck the limb, the hogs quit squealin and tearin around and formed themselves in a ring, with the body of the deer in the center above them. began to foam at the mouth and snap their tusks. What a noise they made! They wur the maddest and awfulest look in animals I ever saw. All that time the painter was trying to haul the deer up to him with his paw, but every time he'd get the deer swung around the sinews with which it was fastened to the limb would make it slip back. Purty soon the painter seemed to see the trouble, fur he grabbed the back with one paw, while he reached down and bit the deer loose. There's where the painter made the biggest mis-take of his life, fur he couldn't hold the deer when the fastenin's was cut, and in spite uv him it tore loose from his claws and fell right to the middle uv the drave uv hogs. They jumped on it and tore it to pieces quiekern I kin tell ye. painter wuz so mad that he lost his judgment, or he wouldn't have done such a foolish thing as he did, fur he gave one snarl and wuz among the hogs in a second, knockin two uv 'em over as he landed. Then there wuz a fight. The hogs quit the deer and went for the paint-Now he wuz down and then up.

"Over went a hog ripped wide here, while another got a wipe with that hig paw that made him see stars, but the hors wurn't idle by no means. They rip-ped and tore that painter fore and aft. They wur a dozen long cuts on his sides and legs, and his body wuz covered with kicke blood. Sich snarlin, screamin, squealin, rippin and tearin I never did see. In less time than I ken tell it 11 uv them hogs waz laid out, and two or three more was hart, but the painter was party near knocked out too. He was lavin on his back, and every time a hog got in reach uv his claws he would give him a rip which would kneck the hog out, at least fur awhile. One hog made a lunge at the painter's head and got caught by the throat by the painter, but that wuz his last act for one uv the boars drove his long tucks into the painter's belly and literally ripped him open from one end to the other, and in less than three seconds that

painter was torn to pieces. The hogs took up the pieces, hones and all, and crunched and ground them until nothin could be seen uv the animal bigenough to make a gun wad. That wuz a battle, sure. There waz about 15 dead hogs, and six or eight cut and hashed a shout to tail. I den't believe a single one escaped some injury, but the livones, whether wounded or not, jist kept tearing around till they cleaned up all thet wux left uv the deer and the paint-

'I had set on thet limb and watched the fight until it was finished and never thought of my gun, and if I had I don't believe I would have used it, but now that it was over I know I'd her to kill the rest my the hogs or stay in the tree all night, so I commenced on 'em and killed the last ene uv 'em. After the first shot the livin ones surrounded my tree and tried to at me, and they staid all night there till I keeled over the last one. After I had cleaned them out I started for ho for the first time in a long while got there without any meat."-Exchange.

Did you see all there dreadful charges the papers make against you!" said the politician's wife.

"I did," was the reply, "What am I go Why," she answered, almost sobbing, "I-I'd make that horrid editor prove every word of them, so I would." Prove 'em! Great guns! That's ex-

## THE REASONS WHY

sotly what I'm antions to keep him from soing if I can! "-Washington Star.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites is so useful in all wasting diseases, such as Consumption, Anamia, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, and Marasmus and Rickets in children, is because it furnishes to the depleted blood the fattening and enriching properties of the oil, and to the bones and nervous system the phosphorescent and vitalizing properties of the Hypophosphites, which together nourish the body arrest the progress of the disease, and commence a process of repair that finally means restored health and vigor.

Don't be personaled to accept a substitute! Scott & Bowse, N. Y. All Druggists. 10c and \$1.

BUT HE HAD BEEN THE EDITOR'S COMRADE FOR TEN YEARS.

Fred Came Nearer to the Standard of Blo Kind Than Most Human Beings Co. to That of Their Kind-He Was a Real

Christian In Some Respects.

Fred, The Press dog, was poisoned Friday night. One of the best friends we ever had, an almost constant companion for 10 years, died after hours of terture. Why did not the slayer show mercy and shoot Fred dead?

A dog bas so many good human qualities and graces in superlative degree that we never hear of one's death that we do not feel that he deserved a more glowing obituary than many men. Affection, fidelserved punishment, are traits of the dos

The devotion of a dog to his master to touching. He will leave his own kind to on cleave to a man. Lord Bacon said, "A ad man is a good to a dog." No doubt a good man humanizes a dog, and a dog forgives a bad man for abuse and is the kinder, juster animal of the two.
Fred fougly cherished the delusion, if

delusion it was, that the Lord made us except those who tensed him, and his good nature could not help feeling resentment in these cases, but he stuck to us like a long lost brother, guing everywhere, to pasture, to the woods, to the posterfice, to the library, to the courthouse, to park meetings, to caucuses, conventions and public meetings of all sorts, and maybe he got some good from these meetings, for he would always supplement applaces given to a speech by approving barks. Poor fellow! That was the nearest he could get to speech, except with his yellow egate eyes and telltale tail. He was rather too free with his remarks. Any unusual sight-a parado, a band processicus pegeant, an odd dress, the fire bellwould set him going.

We never saw a human being more sensitive to ridicule than he. He couldn't bear to be laughed at. And he was such an affectionate fellow. He was a reel Christian that way. We say it with all reverence, but his meek, joyful, glad spirit of forgiveness often put us to a sense of shame. His was the nobler spirit. He forgave 70 times 7 and more if necessary.

He had some faults. Who has not? But he had fewer faults than any man we ever knew. A dog meansures up nearer to a correct standard then almost any human being. An amiable dog tasteeped in moral graces. In affection, in unselfish devotion in fidelity, in repentance, in watchful care, in kindness, in going on service till be drops, who exceeds him?

We miss that dog at every turn. On the street corners we catch ourself looking for him, to see if he has gone ahead or is left behind. As the town clock strikes 12 we miss his rising and stretching and his yel low glance, as if to say, "Master, it is time to go home." He could count up to 12, it seems. Before 6 p. m. he became restless and watched for the clock stroke. And he was set to the figure 7. He knew when Sunday came as well as any church He knew what the fire bell means and would run to the firehouse, as it rang. as excited as any member of the depart ment. He knew every nook and corner in The Press office, having passed all his days there, and in a pinch we believe he could have set up a form, read proof, fed the presses. We know he could "pl" type He liked to licen a pile of old newspapers, out he never learned to tell a campaign

took such a wide range as he. He went to all sorts of meetings and shows, entered stores, and at the bekery knew where was the box for stale breads and at the most markets where were the boxes of bones And his ethics were confused as to meum and tunm. He helped bimself, but with such becoming grace that he never got He had the weakness of his race for cate

His chief amusement was charing them.

He'd tear down the street, leap fences, go

round houses like a whirlwind, but he

could never catch one. He couldn't catch a rabbit. He couldn't catch anything, not He was sold to us in his tender boxhood for a water spaniel, but he was afraid of water. We were also told that he was a bird dog. He would neither "point" nor "set." We found out he was a turkey dog. We paid for two he killed. One was put in evidence, and we paid \$2 for that gobblez. He was lost for a week-tled up in the country, whether for ransom we know not-but one dark, rainy Saturday night two boys answered our advertise ment, and we found two urshins hitched by a rope to a seal brown dog with yellow eyes and long silky ears, and that overjoyed caning freezewed us with the clay he had acquired on his jaunt, and the lade said he had killed a turkey. We handed out \$2 too quick and rescued our tressure. Paying \$5 for him as a prip and contributing 24 to the Turkish mission and paying the annual tax on him for several years and the city registration fee and tax and for a leather collar and medal (5 cents) and for fice lottons, we recken he stood us

10 or 12 happy years he spent with us. Really he was the most valuable piece of property we ever owned. Fred knew he was mortally burt and staggered to us, folling fleroely, his eyes imploring sympathy and help. And though half paralyzed he obeyed the instinct of wild animals and dragged himself to cover to die unseen. Most animals die nawitnessed, and maybe he preferred to slip out of the living universe after the mode of his kind, but it seemed a monstrous shame to let him lie on the lush weeds under the current bushes in the rain and dark and die alone. Who would not crouch by the side of a noble friend and hold the lantern at the vigil as a prices holds the altar candles and crucifix before

in some \$20 to \$35 in good money. But

there was never a day we didn't get \$5

worth of fun and entisfaction out of him,

so that any schoolboy can figure what has

been our income and profit on that dog for

the dimming eyes of the dying! We buried him in the garden in winding sheets of Presses and felt that a grave never inclosed a more loving, honest cree-

tore. A long farewell to Fred! He has launched his bark on another sea. A dogwood shall mark the head of his grave, and in mamory of his penchant for eats extnip shall grow at the foot.-Howard A. Burnell in Washington (In ) Press.

### A Poser For Gallants.

The young man clutched his elderly What coght a feller to ear," he asked, when a young woman asks him if he thinks she is as old as she looker -- Indianapolis Journal.

### The Difference Tommy-Ps, teacher wants us to tell what is the difference between "speak"

and talk." Mr. Flugs-Um-femme see. Generally when I get into an argument with your mother she is occapiled and I amous talked -- Indianapolis Journal

### Duty of a True Soldier.

' It is one of the duties of the true soldier," said the Chinese general, "to make way for those who come after us." And